

prate: we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but it cannot bee founded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses every ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song.

What shall he haue that kild the Deare?

His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:

Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;

Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,

It was a creft ere thou wast borne.

Thy fathers father wore it,

And thy father bore it.

The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorne. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celina.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a clock?

Cel. And heere much *Orlando*.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

Enter Silvius.

He hath tane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth To sleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth, My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me giue you this: I know not the contents, but as I guesse

By the sterne brow, and waspish action Which she did vse, as she was writing of it, It beares an angry reuere; pardon me,

I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

Ros. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all: Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners, She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me: Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will, Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt, Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well, This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents, *Phebe* did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a foole, And turn'd into the extremity of loue.

I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand, A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke That her old gloves were on, but twas her hands: She has a huswifes hand, but that's no matter: I say she neuer did inuent this letter,

This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boysterous and a cruell stile, A stile for challengers: why, she defies me, Like Turke to Christian: vromens gentle braine Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention, Such Ethiop vwords, blacker in their effect Then in their countenance: vwill you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I neuer heard it yet:

Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Ros. She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant writes.

Read. Art thou god, to Shepheard turn'd?

That a maidens heart hath burn'd.

Can a woman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Read. Why, thy godhead laid a part,

Warst thou with a womans heart?

Did you euer heare such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,

That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorne of your bright eie

Haue power to raise such loue in mine,

Alacke, in me, what strange effect

Would they worke in milde aspect?

Whiles you chide me, I did loue,

How then might your prayers moue?

He that brings this loue to thee,

Little knows this Loue in me:

And by him seale up thy minde,

Whether that thy youth and kinde

Will the faithfull offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,

Or else by him my loue denie,

And then Ile studie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Ros. Doe you pittie him? No, he deserues no pittie: wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false straines vpon thee? not to be endured. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her: That if she loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her: if you be a true louer hence, and not a word: for here comes more company.

Exit, Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Olin. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you

Where in the Purlues of this Forrest, stands

A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees.

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom

The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame

Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:

But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,

There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,

Then should I know you by description,

Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,

Offsmall fauour, and bestowes himselfe

Like a ripe sifter: the woman low

And browner then her brother: are not you

The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,

He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,

He left a promise to returne againe

Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,

Loe vvhath befell: he threw his eye aside,

And marke vvhath object did present it selfe

Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age

And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:

A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire

Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke

A Greene and guiled snake had wreath'd it selfe,

Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth: but sodainly

Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,

And with indented glides, did slip away

Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade

A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,

Lay cowering head on ground, with catlike watch

When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis

The royall disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:

This scene, *Orlando* did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,

And he did render him the most vnnaturall

That liu'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so doe,

For well I know he was vnnaturall.

Ros. But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there

Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:

But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,

And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,

Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:

Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling

From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conuersion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:

When from the first to last betwixt vs two,

Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,

As how I came into that Desert place.

I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,

Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,

Committing me vnto my brothers loue,

Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,

There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme

The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,

Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted;

And cride in fainting vpon *Rosalinde*.

Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,

And after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am

To tell this story, that you might excuse

His broken promise, and to giue this napkin

Died in this blood, vnto the Shepheard youth,

That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it; Cosen *Ganimed*.

Oli. Looke, he recouers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. Wee'll lead you thither:

I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?

You lacke a mans heart.

Ros. I doe so, I confesse it:

Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited,

I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I doe: but ysaith, I should haue beene a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I must beare answer backe

How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ros. I shall deuise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle *Awdrie*.

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemen saying.

Clow. A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Awdrie*, a most vile

Mar-text. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee

in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clow. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by

my